

BATMAN 80 PAGE GIANT

“ALL THE DEADLY DAYS”

70 PAGES OF STORY AND ART IN 7 CHAPTERS

STORY, CHUCK DIXON

ARTISTS, A MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

BOB SHRECK, A GIANT OF AN EDITOR

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ROSADO, JEFF JOHNSON, ED BARRETO, KLAUS JANSEN, SERGIO CARIELLO
etc.*

PAGE ONE

SPLASH

Calendar Man in all his glory. He's in his original, ridiculous costume. He's ranting at us gleefully. He has three henchpersons behind him. Two are attractive women; April, (wearing a jumpsuit with a raindrop motif printed on it.) and June (dressed in an abbreviated bride's gown, think bride crossed with Las Vegas showgirl). The third is August who's a big thug dressed in a Roman centurion's costume. All three carry machine guns and look like they mean business.

For this chapter maybe we could get someone who could do a bang-up job on a "classic" Batman looks and get into the Bill Finger-ish feel of this. Someone like Joe Staton or Ty Templeton or like that.

CALENDAR MAN: THE **PLANETS** ARE ALIGNED.

CALENDAR MAN: THE **STARS** ARE IN THEIR COURSES.

CALENDAR MAN: IT IS THE **DAY** OF THE **CALENDAR MAN!**

PAGE TWO AND THREE

BIG SPREAD

Batman and Robin (this is a number of years ago so it's Dick Grayson or Jason Todd in the Boy Wonder togs. Batman is in the old blue and gray outfit with the shield around the bat symbol.) crouch in rafters in the extreme foreground. We look down past them into a huge exhibit hall. Calendar Man is on a raised dais with his henchpersons aiming their guns at a crowd of people below who are dressed in tuxes and evening gowns and such. This a gala for an exhibit opening. The theme is THE MARCH OF TIME. And there's a full sized replica of Stonehenge and a huge stone Mayan calendar (these are huge discs carved from stone). There's a sundial built into the floor. An outsized cuckoo clock is in evidence also. (a big Bill Finger prop) And various grandfather clocks and stuff. It's not necessary to show ALL of this stuff here. But enough to indicate what the exhibit's about. You can sprinkle the stuff through the scene as we go. There's a banner across the hall reading; THE MARCH OF TIME: MAN AND THE 4TH DIMENSION.

TITLE: **ALL THE DEADLY DAYS**
CHAPTER ONE
A MONTH OF SUNDAYS.

CALENDAR MAN: THE **CLOCK** IS TICKING.

CALENDAR MAN: THE **SANDS** RUN THROUGH THE HOURGLASS.

CALENDAR MAN: AND **STILL** MY ULTIMATUM GOES
UNANSWERED!

CALENDAR MAN: YOU CAME HERE TO CELEBRATE THE OPENING
OF A NEW MUSEUM EXHIBIT DEDICATED TO **TIME**.

CALENDAR MAN: LITTLE DID YOU KNOW YOU MIGHT SPEND
YOUR FINAL PRECIOUS **MOMENTS** HERE.

INSET PANEL ONE

Calendar Man rants with his thugs around him.

CALENDAR MAN: I HOLD IN MY POWER THE **WEALTHIEST** OF
GOTHAM'S FIRST CITIZENS.

CALENDAR MAN: AND ALL I ASK IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR LIVES
IS A MERE **TWELVE** MILLION DOLLARS FROM THE CITY'S COFFERS.

INSET PANEL TWO

Close-up of Calendar Man looking demented and menacing.

CALENDAR MAN: OR THERE'LL BE A **REASON** TO CIRCLE THIS
DAY IN RED.

CALENDAR MAN: **BLOOD** RED.

PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

Up in the rafters Batman turns to Robin who smiles.

BATMAN: HEARD **ENOUGH**?

ROBIN: **MORE** THAN ENOUGH.

PANEL TWO

Calendar Man turns in alarm and his henchmen look about in confusion when the hall goes dark.

CALENDAR MAN: THE **LIGHTS**!

APRIL: SOMEBODY CUT THE **POWER**!

AUGUST: THE COPS'RE GONNA MAKE THEIR **MOVE**.

PANEL THREE

The badguys look around in alarm but are blind to batman and Robin dropping down from the rafters toward them.

CALENDAR MAN: NO...

CALENDAR MAN: **NOT** THE COPS...

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

Large panel.

The exhibit hall is dark.

The swells in the audience rush toward the exits in the foreground as Batman and Robin drop down on Calendar Man and his pals spilling them around.

CALENDAR MAN: **...THE BAT!**

BATMAN: **COVER** THEM WHILE THE CROWD ESCAPES, ROBIN.

ROBIN: I'M ALL **OVER** IT, BATMAN!

PANEL TWO

Batman shoves Calendar Man aside even as he delivers a punch to August's face that knocks the guy's helmet flying.

CALENDAR MAN: unnh!

BATMAN: IT'S **OVER**, DAY!

BATMAN: CALL OFF YOUR **THUGS**.

PANEL THREE

Robin slides on the floor knocking the feet from under April even as June turns her machine gun on him.

APRIL: OH!

JUNE: GET OUT OF THE WAY AND I'LL **NAIL** HIM, APRIL!

ROBIN: LET ME GUESS---**JUNE**, RIGHT?

JUNE: **PUNK!**

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

Calendar Man crawls away as Batman delivers an elbow smash to the chest of August as he pulls the machine gun from his grasp.

BATMAN: YOU'RE NOT **GETTING** THE MONEY.

BATMAN: THERE'S NO REASON TO RESORT TO **MURDER**.

CALENDAR MAN: SO **YOU** SAY, FREAK!

AUGUST: unh!

PANEL TWO

Robin, flips/tumbles away as June blasts away at him with the machine gun. The bullets tear up the floor of the dais as he flips off of it.

SFX: ***BRRRRRT!***

ROBIN: oop!

ROBIN: HATE TO LEAVE YOU AT THE **ALTAR**, BABE!

JUNE: LITTLE **BRAT!**

PANEL THREE

Batman ducks as August swings his drawn sword over Batman's head. The sword is a typical gladius (a Roman short sword).

AUGUST: I DON'T **NEED** A GUN TO—

AUGUST: uh—**TAKE** YOU OUT!

PANEL FOUR

Robin runs dives for the cover of one of the stonehenge menhirs as June and April both blast at him. The menhirs are not actual stone but plaster over woodframes so figure that into the kind of collateral damage you draw.

ROBIN: **WHOA!**

SFX: ***Viip! Viip! Spatch! Spatch! Toc!***

PANEL FIVE

August swings the sword at Batman who leaps clear of the swinging blade. Calendar Man is crawling behind Batman on all fours.

AUGUST: **HA!**

AUGUST: IT'S THUMBS **DOWN** FOR YOU, BATMAN!

CALENDAR: (SMALL, WEAK, MUTTERING) THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE **MY** DAY!

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Batman stumbles and trips over Calendar Man on all fours behind him. August advances menacingly with the sword.

BATMAN: uh?

CALENDAR MAN: oof!

AUGUST: **GOOD** ONE, C-MAN!

PANEL TWO

August jumps on Batman with Calendar Man cheering him on.

CALENDAR MAN: THAT'S **IT**, AUGUSTUS!

CALENDAR MAN: CUT OUT HIS **HEART**!

BATMAN: unnh!

PANEL THREE

Batman lies on his back on the floor of the dais with August holding him down with the sword raised high to drive it into Batman's chest. Batman looks desperate and grim and August looks triumphant.

AUGUST: WITH **PLEASURE**, BOSS!

BATMAN: nng!

PANEL FOUR

The sword drives into Batman's chest but bends as the blade is made of rubber. Batman smiles a humorless grin.

BATMAN: huh.

PANEL FIVE

Calendar Man backs up in alarm as Batman comes off the floor with a haymaker that lifts August off his feet.

AUGUST: ***unnh!***

CALENDAR MAN: **NO!**

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Robin is concealed behind one of those menhirs as bullets tear through it near him. He looks a bit worried. We see the girls taking potshots at him from the background. They stand near on of the menhirs down the line.

ROBIN: STONEHENGE MY **BUTT!**

ROBIN: MORE LIKE **PAPIER MACHEHENGE.**

SFX: Spatch! Spatch! Spatch!

PANEL TWO

Robin places his back against one menhir and his feet pressed against the one next to it. (this obviously ain't an EXACT replica of Stonehenge.)

ROBIN: nnggh!

ROBIN: WHICH MEANS THESE THINGS ARE HEAVY—

PANEL THREE

He topples the menhir that he has his back against.

ROBIN: --BUT NOT **TOO** HEAVY.

PANEL FOUR

Shot from above. The menhirs fall like dominoes around the circle and one falls on June and April.

JUNE: AGKH!

APRIL: unnf!

PANEL FIVE

Robin makes a gesture of dusting his hands off after a job well done as he stands over the girls lying unconscious under the menhirs stacked against them. Their guns lie far from their hands.

ROBIN: ALL **RIGHT.**

PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

Calendar Man climbs the chain that depends from the bottom of the huge cuckoo clock replica. The weight swings below. Batman stands below with Robin rushing to join him.

CALENDAR MAN: YOU MAY THINK MY TIME IS **UP**, BATMAN!

CALENDAR MAN: BUT IT'S NOT **MY** DAYS THAT ARE NUMBERED.

PANEL TWO

Calendar man has climbed the gingerbread carvings on the frame of the clock toward the platform just before the cuckoo door.

CALENDAR MAN: YOU **FREED** MY HOSTAGES.

CALENDAR MAN: EVEN NOW **HUNDREDS** OF THEM ARE IN THE STREET WITH THE POLICE SURROUNDING THIS MUSEUM.

PANEL THREE

Calendar Man crouches on the platform with a radio detonator in his hand and a fiendish look on his face.

CALENDAR MAN: THE **EXPLOSIVES** I PLACED IN A VAN OUT FRONT—

CALENDAR MAN: --WILL SCATTER **ALL** OF THEM OVER MIDTOWN IN ITTY BITTY BITS.

CALENDAR MAN: hee.

PANEL FOUR

Batman and Robin fling batarangs skyward with jumplines snaking out behind them.

BATMAN: **NOW!**

PANEL FIVE

Calendar Man looks up with a gleeful grin to see the batarangs wrapped around the hour hand which stands at the one o' clock place. He has a hand poised to press the button on the detonator.

CALENDAR MAN: IDIOTS.

CALENDAR MAN: YOU BOTH MISSED.

CALENDAR MAN: NOW WITH JUST THE SLIGHTEST PRESSURE ON THIS BUTTON...

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

Batman and Robin pull with all their weight on the jumplines.

BATMAN: **PULL!**

ROBN: unnh!

PANEL TWO

The hour hand moves to the two o'clock position.

SFX: **klik---TOC!**

PANEL THREE

Calendar Man looks up in dismay.

CALENDAR MAN: OH.

CALENDAR MAN: **MY.**

PANEL FOUR

An outsized cuckoo bird comes out of the door behind Calendar Man knocking him off the platform. The detonator flies from his hand.

CALENDAR MAN: uh!

SFX: **COO-COO!**

PANEL FIVE

Low angle shot. Calendar Man lies stunned and dazed on the floor. The detonator is in pieces near him. Batman stands grim and Robin jubilant over him.

CALENDAR MAN: (WEAK) uhhhhh...

ROBIN: DON'T WORRY, JULES.

ROBIN: THERE'S A **LOT** OF CALENDARS WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

END

PAGE ELEVEN

SPLASH OR TITLE PANEL

Calendar Man, sans costume and dressed in an ill pressed suit and tie, sits at a table with papers and a folder before him. He sits with hands folded together on the table and an exaggerated repentant look on his face.

We'll have to have an artist draw what Julian Day looks like without his mask and costume so it's consistent throughout the story. I don't think he had a very distinctive "look" in his previous appearances. His old Who's Who entry says he's 6'1" with brown hair and blue eyes.

TITLE: **ALL THE DEADLY DAYS**
CHAPTER TWO
HARSH MONDAY

CAPTION: I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

CAPTION: I KNOW THE GAME.

OFF PANEL: **LOOK** AT THIS MAN BEFORE YOU.

CAPTION: JUST SIT WITH MY **MOUTH** SHUT.

CAPTION: AND THAT WOUNDED **CALF** LOOK ON MY FACE.

PANEL TWO

A lawyer stands before Day gesturing and posturing.

CAPTION: LET MY **LAWYER** DO THE HEAVY LIFTING.

LAWYER: DOES HE **LOOK** DANGEROUS?

PANEL THREE

The lawyer leans on the railing of the jury box. They all regard him with bored expressions.

CAPTION: LET **HIM** PLAY THE DOPES LIKE A HARP.

LAWYER: NO, HE **DOESN'T**.

LAWYER: HE'S A SICK, **SICK** MAN.

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

The Lawyer stands behind Day now with his hands placed on the creep's shoulders. Looks even more pathetic making big puppy eyes and biting his lower lip.

CAPTION: THE GUY'S AN ARTIST.

LAWYER: HE'S A POOR WRETCH OF A MAN POSSESSED BY HIS OBSESSIVE COMPULSION WITH SOMETHING EACH OF US TAKES FOR GRANTED.

LAWYER: THE MUNDANE AND BANAL NUMBERING OF DAYS WE CALL A CALENDAR.

PANEL TWO

The lawyer aims his oratory at the judge and court reporter. The judge looks NOT impressed.

CAPTION: A NATURAL ORATOR.

LAWYER: TO YOU IT'S A CONVENIENCE TO MARK **BIRTHDAYS** OR **DENTAL** APPOINTMENTS.

LAWYER: TO POOR JULIAN GREGORY DAY IT IS AN INFERNAL **MASTER**.

PANEL THREE

Downshot of the courtroom.

CAPTION: JUST ENOUGH OF A HAM ACTOR.

LAWYER: WHO **KNOWS** WHAT DARK ABUSE AS A CHILD DROVE HIM TO THIS MANIA, THIS **FIXATION** WITH THE PASSAGE OF THE DAYS?

LAWYER: BUT HE IS NO MORE IN CONTROL OF HIS ACTIONS THAN HE IS OF THE **CALENDAR** HE SO ENSLAVED TO.

PANEL FOUR

The lawyer in close-up is earnest.

CAPTION: BUT HE REALLY SELLS IT.

LAWYER: HE NEEDS YOUR **PITY**...YOUR **COMPASSION**.

LAWYER: NOT YOUR **SCORN**.

PANEL FIVE

A juror stands and reads solemnly from a paper as the other jurors sit.

CAPTION: BUT I **STILL** GET THE HAMMER.

JUROR: GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS.

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

The judge speaks from behind his bench.

JUDGE: THIS IS THE DEFENDANT'S **THIRD** OFFENSE.

JUDGE: UNDER SENTENCING GUIDELINES HE WILL SERVE THE MAXIMUM FOR HIS CRIMES.

PANEL TWO

Day whispers in his lawyer's ear as they stand at the defense table. The lawyer looks off panel askance toward the judge's bench.

LAWYER: um...MY CLIENT WISHES TO KNOW WHEN HE WOULD BE ELIGIBLE FOR **PAROLE**.

PANEL THREE

The judge scans a paper before him.

JUDGE: WELL, THAT WOULD BE **MARCH** OF THE YEAR 2000.

PANEL FOUR

The lawyer is speaking with beside him with a curious and quizzical look on his face as though he were considering something.

LAWYER: MAY I THEN MOVE THAT MY CLIENT---

PANEL FIVE

Same shot and angle as the previous panel but now Day looks suddenly stunned and angry. The lawyer flinches at his client's outburst.

LAWYER: ---BE GIVEN THE OPPORTUN---

DAY: **MARCH 2000?**

PANEL SIX

Day pushes his lawyer aside in a growing rage.

DAY: **I'LL SPEND MILLENIAL NEW YEARS BEHIND BARS?**

LAWYER: JULIAN...PLEASE...

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

Large panel.

Day freaks and leaps over the defense table in a psychotic rage. Bailiffs rush forward. His lawyer backs away in horror.

DAY: **YOU CAN'T DO THIS, YOU SONS OF—**

PANEL TWO

Day goes down under a hail of truncheon blows from the bailiffs.

CAPTION: BUT THEY **COULD** DO THAT.

CAPTION: THAT AND **WORSE**.

PANEL THREE

Downshot of him in a cell at Arkham. He's on hands and knees and drawing lines and numbers along a square of sunlight on the floor. We see other lines and numbers on the concrete floor in crayon. They form a crude sundial measuring the passage of the sunlight on the floor. The walls are covered with a calender he's drawn there.

CAPTION: AT LEAST THEY SENT ME TO **ARKHAM**.

CAPTION: I THINK THE OUTBURST IN **COURT** SEALED THAT ONE.

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

He sits in pajamas with no shoes against a wall and looks off dazed.
He needs a shave and a haircut.

CAPTION: I REVIEW MY CAREER.

CAPTION: "THE FOUR SEASONS OF CRIME."

CAPTION: "THE MONSOON MYSTERY."

CAPTION: "THE FALL TO END THEM ALL."

PANEL TWO

He sits at a table in a common room where Mr Szasz and Maxie Zeus argue over a children's boardgame with orderlies looking on. Day is oblivious to it all.

CAPTION: THE NET GAIN OF EACH WAS A PRISON SENTENCE.

CAPTION: MY ONLY SOLACE IS THE HATRED I SHARE FOR **THE BAT** WITH MY FELLOW INMATES.

PANEL THREE

He sits in a room where some psychiatrist shows him Rohrschach inkblots. Day looks at them dully.

CAPTION: BUT THE SHRINKS DON'T **BELIEVE** IN THE BAT.

CAPTION: THEY THINK HE'S A **SHARED** HYSTERIA OF SOME KIND.

PANEL FOUR

Day is in manacles and being led down a corridor by two beefy orderlies.

CAPTION: IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA BE HERE FOR THE WHOLE JOLT.

CAPTION; EACH DAY THE **SAME** AS THE NEXT.

PANEL FIVE

A wall explodes in the corridor throwing the orderlies and Day to the floor. Lots of bricks and dust fall over them.

CAPTION: BUT ONE NEVER KNOWS WHAT **TOMORROW** MAY BRING.

SFX: ***BUH-KOOOOOOOM!***

PANEL SIX

The orderlies are down under a pile of debris and Day stands before a huge hole to the outside in the wall with dust billowing around him.

CAPTION: SUDDENLY I'M **FREE**.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

It's the breakout that preceded Knightfall. Bane stands with that shoulder held rocket launcher over Arkham and watches the inmates (Joker, Nigma, Ivy and others) run from the smoking debris of a collapsed wall of the asylum.

CAPTION: I NEVER MEET MY **BENEFACTOR**.

CAPTION: I ONLY KNOW THAT THE NIGHT IS OVER AND A **NEW** DAY DAWNS.

PANEL TWO

Calendar Man, in a version of one of his old costumes, running down a city street with bags of cash in his hands. He's laughing.

CAPTION: IT'S A SECOND CHANCE AND I **KNOW** IT.

CAPTION: I GET **OUT** OF GOTHAM.

CAPTION: I PULL A SCORE DOWN IN **CENTURY CITY**.

PANEL THREE

Powergirl, in her old costume, lifts Calendar Man from the street by the scruff of the neck. He lets one of the cashbags drop and bills flutter away in a blizzard.

CAPTION: THE PARTY'S OVER BEFORE IT **STARTS**.

PANEL FOUR

A shot of Blackgate out in Gotham harbor.

CAPTION: NO PADDED WALLS AND SOFT FOOD **THIS** TIME.

CAPTION: THEY TOSS ME IN **BLACKGATE**.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

Day is in an exercise room when dust and debris drop from the ceiling and the floor shakes. Cons scatter in panic.

CAPTION: THEN HISTORY **REPEATS**.

CAPTION: THE WORLD ROCKS ONCE MORE.

PANEL TWO

It's Cataclysm.

Day looks out through a barred window at the land bridge that's risen from the harbor floor and leads to Gotham all dark across the river with smoke rising from it. Cons are already running across the bridge to freedom.

CAPTION: AN **EARTHQUAKE** STRIKES THE CITY.

CAPTION: AND I AM A **FREE** MAN ONCE MORE.

PANEL THREE

Day wanders the desolate streets of No Man's Land.

CAPTION: FREE TO WANDER IN THE **PRISON** THAT GOTHAM BECOMES.

PANEL FOUR

He is poking through some rubble looking for canned goods. He has a bag slung over his shoulder. His hand reaches for a tattered calendar in the rubble.

CAPTION: FREE TO EKE OUT A MEAGER EXISTANCE LIKE AN **ANIMAL**.

PANEL FIVE

Her laughs at the calendar with tears streaming down his face. The tattered calendar features a soiled photo of puppies.

CAPTION: THESE ARE **DARK** DAYS MARKED BY DESOLATION.

PANEL SIX

Day, disheveled and wearing layers of ragged clothing and needing a bath and a shave, emerges from a ruined building with hands up. Bullock and some other cops hold guns on him.

CAPTION: I'M **GLAD** WHEN THE COPS TAKE ME IN.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

Shot of the new Arkham by night.

CAPTION: THEN THEY SENT ME HOME.

CAPTION: JUST AS THE END OF YEAR APPROACHES.

FROM ARKHAM: I THINK ALL **OTHER** APPROACHES TO YOUR DEMENTIA HAVE BEEN **MISDIRECTED**, MR DAY.

PANEL TWO

A severe looking shrink looks at Day seated on a chair in a featureless room. An orderly stands by. Day appears disinterested.

SHRINK: WE HAVE **TRIED** TO DEAL WITH YOUR OBSESSION WITH TIME IN A PASSIVE MANNER.

SHRINK: I THINK **STERNER** MEASURES ARE CALLED FOR.

PANEL THREE

Day looks up with dull awakening at the shrink.

SHRINK: TO REMOVE YOUR COMPULSION WITH TIME WE MUST REMOVE **YOU** FROM TIME.

DAY: whuh?

SHRINK: A **RADICAL** THERAPY.

PANEL FOUR

The shrink smiles in a patronizing way.

SHRINK: YOU WILL ENTER A WORLD **WITHOUT** THE CONSTRAINTS OF THINGS TEMPORAL.

SHRINK: THUS WILL YOU BE **FREED**.

PANEL FIVE

Day stands slump-shouldered in an entirely dark room as the orderly and shrink close the door. A bar of light crosses from the opening to wash over Day.

SHRINK: THIS IS FOR THE **BEST**.

CAPTION: THE FULL **HORROR** OF IT DOES NOT STRIKE ME AT FIRST.

PANEL SIX

In the very dim room Day stands with bulging eyes.

CAPTION: I AM CONFINED TO A CELL WITH **NO** AMBIENT LIGHT.

CAPTION: NO WAY TO TELL **DAY** FROM **NIGHT**.

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Day is on hands and knees in the dark scraping at the wall with his fingers.

CAPTION: PERIODS OF DARKNESS LAST I CANNOT **TELL** HOW LONG.

PANEL TWO

Day stares at a single bulb in a steel mesh cage in the ceiling above him. We see he's scratched lines in the wall.s.

CAPTION: THEN PERIODS OF STARK LIGHT THAT **MAY** BE A DAY OR JUST AN HOUR.

PANEL THREE

He lies on the floor in the darkness in catatonia.

CAPTION: THE **SUN** RISES AND SETS WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE.

PANEL FOUR

He is slumped against a wall in the brilliant light from above, eyes wide open and jaw slack.

CAPTION: THE **MOON** WAXES AND WANES OUTSIDE OF MY SIGHT.

PANEL FIVE

He looks from the darkness to see a tray being shoved through a slot at the bottom of the door. It allows scant light in.

CAPTION: THEY'VE **STOLEN** THE MOST PRECIOUS THING FROM ME.

PANEL SIX

An orderly walks away down a dm hallway. The door of Day's cell is in panel.

CAPTION: THE PASSING OF ONE **MILLENIUM** TO ANOTHER.

FROM DAY'S CELL DOOR: (WEAK) What day is it..?

FROM DAY'S CELL DOOR: (WEAK) please...?

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

He squints as the door opens and light pours in.

CAPTION: AND THEN IT **ENDS**.

DAY: uh?

OFF PANEL: COME **ON**, DAY. YOU GOT AN APPOINTMENT.

DAY: **APPOINTMENT?**

PANEL TWO

Squinting like a mole he walks between two orderlies down a sun washed corridor.

DAY: IT'S **DAYTIME**. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE **NIGHT** FOR SOME REASON.

ORDERLY: SURE.

DAY: THIS APPOINTMENT. IS IT WITH THE **DOCTOR?**

PANEL THREE

They walk away down the corridor, the orderlies just about supporting him.

ORDERLY: NAW. YOUR **LAWYER'S** BEEN MAKIN' A **PAIN** OF HIMSELF.

DAY: MY...LAWYER...?

ORDERLY: DUE PROCESS AND ALL **THAT** CRAP.

PANEL FOUR

One of the orderlies speaks coolly and Day looks stunned and horrified and devastated at his words.

ORDERLY: TODAY'S THE DAY YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR **PAROLE**.

DAY: (WEAK) March...

DAY: (WEAK) Two thousand...

PANEL FIVE

Shot of Arkham by day.

FROM ARKHAM:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THE END OF CHAPTER TWO

PAGE TWENTY ONE

PANEL ONE

Downshot. Exterior. Night.

A densely packed, mixed crowd of people in winterclothing look skyward in amazement. There's a dad holding a little girl on his shoulder. The little girl points upwards in awe. A drunk in an outsized diaper and a banner with BABY 2K on it is in the crowd. A light snow swirls through the air.

CAPTION: IT WAS GOING TO BE SO BEAUTIFUL.

CAPTION: THE HAPPY THRONG.

CAPTION: THE HUSH OF ANTICIPATION...

TITLE: (RUNS IN THE GUTTER BELOW PANEL ONE AND ABOVE PANEL TWO)

ALL THE DEADLY DAYS CHAPTER THREE THE TERRIBLE TUESDAYS

PANEL TWO

Large panel.

A glowing cube descends from the top of a gleaming skyscraper in Gotham's version of Times Square. The cube has 2000 on it in block letters on each face. The crowd fills the street watching as fireworks explode around the building in the swirling snow squall.

CAPTION: ...AS THE **MILLENNIUM CUBE** DESCENDED IN MIDTOWN GOTHAM.

CAPTION: WILD CHEERING WOULD ROAR THROUGH THE CONCRETE CANYONS.

CAPTION: AS THE CITIZENS GREETED THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS.

CAPTION: LITTLE KNOWING THE CUBE WAS BACKED WITH THREE TONS OF **DYNAMITE**.

PAGE TWENTY TWO

ALL HORIZONTALS?

PANEL ONE

The cube explodes into a jillion tiny shards in a white hot blast that blows all the glass from the front of that skyscraper. A concussive wave blasts from the explosion. Emphasize force over details to indicate the size and magnitude of the blast.

CAPTION: AT THE **SECOND** PAST MIDNIGHT.

CAPTION: AT THE TURNING OF THE PAGE ON THE PAST TEN CENTURIES.

CAPTION: **DEATH** WOULD REIGN.

PANEL TWO

Revelers are blown from their feet on the street. A taxi cab tumbles into a storefront. The concussion from the blast shreds the crowd with shrapnel turning them to hamburger in a heartbeat. An impressionistic view of the scene to try and show the full force of the blast.

CAPTION: THE SQUARE WOULD BE SWEEPED CLEAN OF LIFE FOR TEN BLOCKS SOUTH.

PANEL THREE

Batman and Robin are blown off the ledge of a building in a storm of debris flying at them at over-ballistic speeds. The shrapnel tears them up, turning their clothing to tattered rags. Again, use impressions rather than detail.

CAPTION: AND IF THE BAT AND HIS PET BRAT WERE **CLEVER** ENOUGH TO DEVINE MY CLUES...

CAPTION: THEY BE JUST IN TIME TO RIDE OUT THE 20th CENTURY ON A WAVE OF **BLOOD**.

PAGE TWENTY THREE

PANEL ONE

Upshot looking through the glass of a picture window in a penthouse. Day stands in a tuxedo with a champagne glass in his hand being filled by April hanging off one arm. June hangs off the other. They are in costume. Day beams. The fires of the blast reflect on the glass before him. There's a hairline crack across the window from where the glass starred in one corner of the pane.

CAPTION: AND I, JULIAN GREGORY DAY, WOULD WATCH IT ALL FROM A SAFE DISTANCE.

CAPTION: AND THE BOOM-BOOM WOULD COME WHETHER THE CITY PAID OR NOT.

PANEL TWO

Much closer shot. His eyes blaze with mad glee as he looks at the off panel scene of mass destruction.

CAPTION: I **OWED** THAT MUCH TO MYSELF.

CAPTION: TO WATCH GOTHAM **GLOW** ON THE GREATEST NIGHT OF LIFE.

CAPTION: THE SINGULAR CALENDAR EVENT OF **ANYONE'S** LIFE.

PANEL THREE

Same angle and composition but Day is in prison grays and his hair is more disheveled and he needs a shave. He's in a brightly lit room.

CAPTION: BUT IT WAS NOT TO **BE**.

OFF PANEL: MR DAY..?

OFF PANEL: ah hem.

PANEL FOUR

Pullback. Day is seated in a straight-backed wooden chair before a table where three people sit regarding him. They have files open before them. An Arkham orderly stands against one wall with folded arms.

CAPTION: THE YEAR 2000 STARTED **WITHOUT** ME.

CAPTION: THREE **MONTHS** AGO.

PERSON 1: NOW, IN THE MATTER OF YOUR **PAROLE**...

PAGE TWENTY FOUR

PANEL ONE

He sits with his back to us in the foreground. We look past him to see the three people reading the files and speaking.

CAPTION: I HAD LIVED AND PLANNED MY WHOLE LIFE FOR THAT NIGHT.

PERSON 1: ...IT IS BROUGHT BEFORE US BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH.

PANEL TWO

One of the three speaks sternly in close-up.

CAPTION: THE **PERFECTION** OF IT.

PERSON 1: BLAH BLAH BLAH CERTAIN EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES BLAH BLAH BLAH.

PANEL THREE

Another, a woman, looks over her glasses at the report folder held before her.

CAPTION: THE BEAUTIFUL **SIMPLICITY**.

PERSON 2: BLADDITY BLAH BLAH PSYCHIATRIC REPORT THAT BLAH BLADDITY.

PANEL FOUR

The third appears bored as he gestures with his hands and speaks.

CAPTION: THE **FIRST** BRAND NEW DAY OF THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS.

PERSON 3: YAP YAP YAP DANGER TO SOCIETY POSED BY YAPPITY YAP YAP YAP.

PANEL FIVE

Extreme close-up of Day sneering in ill-concealed rage, his eyes hooded and bloodshot. Light it dramatically to reflect his demented thoughts.

CAPTION: THEY'D *STOLEN* IT FROM ME.

CAPTION: AND THEY WERE GOING TO—

OFF PANEL: BLAH BLAH BLAH IN THE LIGHT OF YOUR RECORD WHILE INCARCERATED...

PANEL SIX

Pullback to show him sitting bolt upright in the chair with an expression of stunned surprise on his face.

OFF PANEL: ...WE HAVE DECIDED TO **GRANT** YOU CONDITIONAL PAROLE.

DAY: huh?

PAGE TWENTY FIVE

PANEL ONE

Day still looks stunned, dressed in ill-fitting civilian clothes and holding a box in his arms with an orderly behind him as a clerk hands him his old Calendar Man costume folded and wrapped in plastic.

CAPTION: IS THIS SOME CRUEL **TRICK** DREAMED UP BY THE SHRINKS?

CLERK: ...AN' ONE **COSTUME**, EXTRA LARGE, TALL.

PANEL TWO

He's still stunned as he walks down the road leading from the asylum, the box and costume under his arm.

CAPTION: I EXPECT THEM TO **LEAP** FROM THE BUSHES WITH RESTRAINTS AND A SHOT OF HALDOL.

PANEL THREE

He's at the front desk of some seedy hotel, the bored clerk behind bulletproof glass with a slot for passing money and keys back and forth. Hand printed signs taped on the inside of the glass read: NO CHECKS, NO CREDIT, NO DRUGS, NO LIQUOR, NO DRUGS, NO LOUD MUSIC AFTER 10pm. Day has the box and plastic wrapped costume under his arm.

CAPTION: BUT I ARRIVE **UNMOLESTED** IN THE CITY WHERE I FIND LODGING.

PANEL FOUR

He stands in a rundown one-room flat with the box and costume under his arm. There's a cot and a sink mounted on the wall and roaches and a single bare bulb hanging from the ceiling. There's also a calendar hanging on the wall.

CAPTION: COULD THEY REALLY HAVE MISTAKEN **CATATONIA** FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR?

PANEL FIVE

Day smiles at the calendar hanging crooked on the wall. It's a girly calendar of some babe in a bikini holding a giant monkey wrench with a car parked in the background with its hood up.

CAPTION: THE DAYS ARE MY OWN NOW. THEY'LL PASS AS THEY DO FOR OTHERS.

DAY: sigh.

PANEL SIX

Day lies back on the bed with eyes closed and a grin on his face. He's in boxers and a tanktop undershirt now.

CAPTION: THE SIMPLE **GLORY** OF WATCHING THE SHADOWS
CHASE THEMSELVES ACROSS THE CEILING.

CAPTION: WHAT COULD **DISTURB** SUCH BLISS?

PAGE TWENTY SIX

PANEL ONE

Day lies back on the cot but it's night now and a dark, familiar shadow falls over him. He opens his eyes, startled.

OFF PANEL: DAY...

PANEL TWO

LARGE PANEL

Day clambers to sit up. Batman, at his most shadowy and menacing, stands at the foot of the bed wreathed in shadows. The room is dark but for some lights from the street through the slanted blinds.

DAY: **YOU!**

BATMAN: THEY MADE A MISTAKE RELEASING YOU.

BATMAN: I WANT YOU TO **KNOW** THAT **I** KNOW THAT.

PANEL THREE

Batman speaks in close-up. He's at his most grim and dire.

BATMAN: I **WILL** BE WATCHING YOU.

BATMAN: YOU WON'T **SEE** ME, BUT I'LL **BE** THERE.

PANEL FOUR

Day stands before Batman defiant and waggles a finger in his face. Day's wrath is real but the impact is lessened 'cause he's in his underwear.

DAY: BACK **OFF**, YOU MOROSE **FREAK!**

DAY: I'M A **CITIZEN** AGAIN AND YOU CAN'T **HARASS** ME,
YOU....**FREAK!**

PAGE TWENTY SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Batman has grabbed Day's finger and bends it back painfully. Day winces at the agony of it, his shoulders hunching.

SFX: krkt!

DAY: oo.

BATMAN: THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**.

BATMAN: I'LL BE **HERE** IN EVERY SHADOW.

BATMAN: I'LL BE **THERE** JUST OUTSIDE THE FIELD OF YOUR VISION.

PANEL TWO

Batman slams day back against a wall hard enough to knock bits of plaster from it. Day has his eyes squeezed shut and teeth gritted.

DAY: unnh!

BATMAN: AND YOU MAKE **ONE** MIS-STEP.

BATMAN: AND I'LL COME **DOWN** ON YOU LIKE THE WRATH OF GOD.

PANEL THREE

Batman leans close and speaks to Day who has his face turned away, eyes squeezed shut. Remember the scene in Alien 3 when Ripley is turned from the alien who's sniffing at her to check her out? That's the image here.

BATMAN: DO WE HAVE AN **UNDERSTANDING**, JULIAN?

DAY: yuh-YEAH.

PANEL FOUR

Day sits on the floor with tears in his eyes and the punched in section of wall dribbling plaster dust behind him. The picture of the whipped dog. The defeated man. Meg space to show he's alone. The blinds move over the open window that Batman must have used to enter.

CAPTION: SO **THAT** IS TO BE THE COURSE OF MY DAYS AND NIGHTS.

CAPTION: TO BE **HAUNTED** BY THAT BIG RIGHTEOUS DOPE.

PAGE TWENTY EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Day stands now with hands fisted and looks at that calendar on the wall.

CAPTION: WELL, HE HAD ANOTHER THING **COMING**.

CAPTION: IF I MISSED THE BIG SHOW IN JANUARY, SO **WHAT?**

PANEL TWO

He tears the calendar from the wall in fury.

CAPTION: THERE ARE **OTHER** CALENDARS!

CAPTION: **OTHER** LISTS OF DAYS AND MOON PHASES AND EQUINOXES!

PANEL THREE

He rips up the calendar portion with his bare hands. He's totally enraged. His eyes are wild. He's bathed in sweat. Bits of the calendar go flying.

CAPTION: I WILL HAVE MY WRATH ON **THAT** DAY!

CAPTION: I WILL BRING SUFFERING DOWN ON GOTHAM ON **THAT** DATE!

PANEL FOUR

We look over his heaving shoulders to see the bits of the calendar torn apart on the floor. The picture of the babe is mostly intact. He holds a corner of the calendar in his hand and on it is the symbol for WAYNE MOTORS CORPORATION.

CAPTION: AND I SEE **NOW**, IN A MOMENT'S INSPIRATION, HOW IT IS TO BE.

CAPTION: I HAVE ONLY **MONTHS** TO PREPARE.

PANEL FIVE

Same shot and angle as last panel except we see a feminine hand with long, polished nails rests on his shoulder.

CAPTION: SO MUCH **WORK** TO DO.

PANEL SIX

Day stands grinning madly with hands fisted before him in the room. The babe from the calendar stands behind him in all her bikinied glory, a hallucinogenic symbol of what's happening in his head. Ridiculously she even holds the outsized wrench over her shoulder.

CAPTION: AND I CAN'T DO IT **ALONE**.

CAPTION: OH NO, NOT **ALONE**.

PAGE TWENTY NINE

PANEL ONE

A shot of a seedy corner taproom. It's called MY ALIBI spelled out in neon.

FROM BAR: SO HE'S IN THE TRUNK OF THE CAR AND I'M PEELIN' OFF HE LAST OF THE DUCT TAPE...

FROM BAR: (LINKED) ...FOR HIS **MOUTH**.

PANEL TWO

Inside we see a serious drinkin' bar. A real taproom. A TV is mostly ignored over the bar. Some guys and a floozy are slumped over the bar. A few sinister looking types sit at a corner booth in a haze of smoke.

FROM CORNER BOOTH: LIKE I WANNA LISTEN TO HIM **CRYIN'** LIKE A LITTLE GIRL ALLA WAY OUT TO THE CEMENT PLANT.

FROM CORNER BOOTH: (LINKED) HE STARTS TELLIN' ME "I GOT KIDS. YOU CAN'T **DO** THIS."

PANEL THREE

A shadow crosses the floor toward the men in the corner booth who sit sipping bottled beer and sucking on coffin nails like there's no tomorrow. Maybe there should be at least one handgun visible, shoved in a waistband.

TOUGH 1: AND I SAYS, "I GOT KIDS **TOO**, PAL. HOW YOU EXPECT ME TO KEEP A ROOF OVER THEIR HEADS?"

TOUGH 1: (LINKED) "MAYBE I SHOULD GET A **JOB**, HUH?"

ANOTHER OF THE HOODS: (SMALL) henh heh.

PANEL FOUR

They look up at a figure gesturing with a gloved hand in the extreme foreground. Make sure there's a huge white guy and a huge black guy at the corner booth. They look a tad annoyed but interested. All look dangerous. Scars, tattoos, missing eyes, whatever. A TOUGH crowd.

TOUGH 1: HEY, WHAT'RE **YOU** LOOKIN' AT?

OFF PANEL: EXCUSE **ME**, GUYS.

OFF PANEL: (LINKED) BUT I'M LOOKING FOR SOME **STRONGARMS** WHO WANT TO MAKE SOME HEAVY **CASH**.

PAGE THIRTY

SPLASH

Through the cigarette haze from the POV of the hoods at the booth we see Calendar Man in his new, more serious looking costume. It's all black with a hood and cloak and belted with a wide girdle at the waist with a big handgun holstered there in a flap holster. His face is covered with a golden mask that is expressionless and sphinx-like. On his chest is emblazoned the symbol of Thoth in gold. (I'll send reference) In the crook of his arm he carries a thick, leatherbound book bound with a strap. He looks far more menacing than he ever has before.

CALENDAR MAN: IN OTHER WORDS...

CALENDAR MAN: ...I'M LOOKING FOR A FEW **BAD** MEN.

THE END OF CHAPTER THREE!

BATMAN 80-PAGE GIANT

PAGE THIRTY ONE

SPLASH

A “gimme” shot.

Batman and Robin drop from jumplines in the glare of the off-panel
Bat-signal.

TITLE: **ALL THE DEADLY DAYS**

CHAPTER FOUR

WEDNESDAY’S STEPCHILD

ROBIN; KNOW WHAT THIS **ABOUT?**

BATMAN: I HAVE A VERY STRONG **IDEA.**

PAGE THIRTY TWO

PANEL ONE

Batman and Robin are atop the Police HQ and Gordon is switching off the Bat Signal.

GORDON: WE'VE GOT ONE THAT FALLS INTO **YOUR** AREA OF EXPERTISE.

BATMAN: THE BREAK-IN AT THE ARMY'S EXPERIMENTAL WEAPONS LAB?

GORDON: THE PERPS LEFT A **NOTE** BEHIND.

PANEL TWO

Gordon holds out an evidence bag with a hand written note inside.

GORDON: MY LATIN'S GOOD ENOUGH TO TRANSLATE **PARTS** OF IT. THE REST IS **GIBBERISH**.

GORDON: THIS IS ONE OF YOUR **ZANIES**.

PANEL THREE

We look over Batman and Robin's shoulders as Batman holds the evidence bag up so that we can clearly read the note:

BATMAN: JULIAN DAY. HE DIDN'T TAKE MY WARNING **SERIOUSLY**.

ROBIN: **CALENDAR** MAN? THAT GUY'S A **JOKE**.

BATMAN: HE MAY **SEEM** THAT WAY FROM READING DRY CASE FILES, ROBIN.

NOTE:

**NOW BEGINS THE ULTIMUS ANNUS
CONFUSIONIS!**

**MAI 105
SEXTILUS ANTE IDES X
12 TUN 17
SHA'BAN 23 A.H.
THOTH**

**CORDIALLY,
CNEIUS FLAVIUS**

PAGE THIRTY THREE

PANEL ONE

Gordon frowns as he speaks to them.

GORDON: IT HAS TO DO WITH **DATES**, WE GLEANED **THAT** MUCH OURSELVES.

GORDON: BUT WHAT **ARE** THOSE DATES? WHICH DAYS?

PANEL TWO

Robin speaks up next to Batman.

ROBIN: I'LL BET THEY'RE FROM **ANCIENT** CALENDARS THAT AREN'T USED ANY MORE, COMMISSIONER.

ROBIN: THE TRICK IS FINDING OUT HOW THEY MATCH WITH **OUR** CALENDAR.

BATMAN: AND **WHY** THE DATES ARE SIGNIFICANT.

PANEL THREE

Gordon turns from them.

GORDON: I'LL HAVE DAY PICKED UP.

BATMAN: YOU WON'T **FIND** HIM.

GORDON: I HAVE TO **TRY**.

GORDON: KEEP ME IN THE LOOP.

PANEL FOUR

They leap from the rooftop throwing batarangs and jumplines as they go.

ROBIN: IS IT JUST **ME** OR DOES THIS FEEL LIKE A **BAD** ONE?

BATMAN: IT'S **NOT** JUST YOU.

PAGE THIRTY FOUR

PANEL ONE

We're in the Batcave now. The note is up on the big monitor. Alfred is with the boys as they study it. They have their masks off.

ROBIN: THE COMMISH WAS **RIGHT**. IT'S LATIN AND SOME **OTHER** LANGUAGES.

BATMAN: THE SIGN OFF. WHAT'S IT **MEAN**?

ALFRED: CNEIUS FLAVIUS WAS A **PLEBIAN** IN ANCIENT ROME.

PANEL TWO

Alfred speaks as he looks up.

ALFRED: HE **STOLE** THE CODES FOR THE ROMAN CALENDAR AND MADE THEM PUBLIC. BEFORE THAT KNOWLEDGE OF THE DAYS AND SEASONS WAS RESTRICTED.

ALFRED: AND *ULITIMUS ANNUS CONFUSIONIS* MEANS THE "LAST YEAR OF CONFUSION". THAT WAS WHAT THE ROMANS CALLED THE YEAR **PRECEDING** JULIUS CAESAR'S STANDARDIZATION OF THE CALENDAR YEAR.

PANEL THREE

Alfred purses his lips as Bruce turns to smile at him. Tim looks amazed.

BATMAN: I'M **IMPRESSED**.

ROBIN: WAS THAT YOUR **FINAL** ANSWER, ALFIE?

ALFRED: THE **BENEFIT** OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION, SIRS.

PANEL FOUR

Bruce turns to Tim who squints with suspicion at him.

BATMAN: YOU'RE OFF FROM SCHOOL, RIGHT?

ROBIN: uh...YEAH?

BATMAN: THEN **TIM DRAKE** HAS TIME TO HIT THE BOOKS AND FIGURE OUT WHAT THESE DATES ARE.

ROBIN: oh.

PANEL FIVE

Batman walks from the group replacing his cowl as he goes.

ROBIN: AND **YOU**?

BATMAN: I'LL BE ON THE ROAD.

BATMAN: I HAVE A **FEELING** THINGS ARE GOING TO PICK UP.

PAGE THIRTY FIVE

PANEL ONE

Bullock, Montoya and some SWAT cops are poised outside of Day's room in that rundown hole in the wall. Harv and Renee wear second chance vests. Harv has a shotgun in his fists. A SWAT guy holds a metal battering ram ready to smash the door in. Everyone's hyped and armed and jazzed.

BULLOCK: THIS CLOWN'S A COSTUMED WACKO. LET'S NOT TAKE **ANY** CHANCES.

MONTOYA: ON **THREE**...

PANEL TWO

A batarang impacts in the center of the door to the surprise of the cops.

COP 1: huh?

SFX: ***THWOC!***

PANEL THREE

Some gas bombs tumble down the hallway toward the cops. Gas billows from them and the cops step back except for the one with the battering ram. The bombs have bat symbols on the sides of them.

BULLOCK: THE **BAT!**

MONTOYA: WHAT'S **HE** UP TO?

SFX: ***fssssssssss! Fssssssssss!***

PANEL FOUR

The battering ram cop is angry and swings the ram toward the door as Montoya covers her mouth with one hand and reaches out to gesture to the cop with the other. The hallway is filling with gas.

COP 2: WHO **CARES?** WE GOT A **WARRANT** TO SERVE!

MONTOYA: kaff! kaff! BENDIX, **NO!**

PANEL FIVE

From inside the room we see the door splintering open slightly under the assault from the ram. We see an electronic gadget mounted the door and a wire leading from it to a hook on the doorframe breaks.

SFX: **BASH!**

SFX: (SMALL) ping!

PAGE THIRTY SIX

PANEL ONE

An explosion in the hallway blasts that battering ram cop through the opposite wall of the hallway. The other cops spill to the floor as the hallway fills with smoke and flying debris.

SFX: **BUH-**

WHRAAAAAAAM!

PANEL TWO

Smoke now drifts about with the gas and Harvey sits dazed on his ass on the floor with the other cops who are recovering. Batman stands over Harv. Play with shadows and smoke to conceal Batman's appearance.

BATMAN: Sgt BULLOCK.

BULLOCK: (WEAK) whuzz?

BATMAN: BACK **OFF** ON THIS ONE.

PANEL THREE

Close-up of Batman as seen through the smoke.

BATMAN: TAKE MY **WORD**. THERE WILL BE **MORE** TRAPS LIKE THIS ONE.

BATMAN: DAY'S OUT FOR **BLOOD**. LEAVE HIM TO **ME**.

PANEL FOUR

Harv is up on one knee and Montoya leans on the wall as the other cops help the battering ram cop to his feet. Use neg space to show that Batman is GONE.

MONTOYA: koff! DID **HE** JUST TELL US TO GO TO HELL?

BULLOCK: NAW. kaff! I THINK HE'S TRYING TO **SAVE** US THE TRIP.

PAGE THIRTY SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Calendar Man's hands reach into a padded steel case for a bazooka type weapon.

OFF PANEL: SO PRETTY.

PANEL TWO

He's in full costume and holding the weapon to his shoulder and looking through a swing out sight. A chick dressed in a costume with a flower pattern on it stands behind him. It's night and they're on a rooftop with the skyline of Gotham behind them.

MAY: ME?

CALENDAR MAN: THE GUN, MAY. THE **GUN**.

MAY: WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT SOME BIG **GUN**?

CALENDAR MAN: IT FIRES A PROJECTILE THAT CREATES AN ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE.

PANEL THREE

He aims the weapon down onto a broad street where an armored car with a police car and motorcycle escort roars along.

CALENDAR MAN: IT'LL STOP **ANY** MACHINE DEAD IN ITS TRACKS.

CALENDAR MAN: LIKE THAT **ARMORED** CAR FULL OF BRIDGE TOLLS.

PANEL FOUR

He fires the weapon and a projectile flies from it. May holds her hands over her ears.

SFX: **PLOK!**

CALENDAR MAN: **AND** IT'LL KNOCK OUT THE POLICE ESCORT VEHICLES AND ANY COMMUNICATIONS FOR TWENTY BLOCKS AROUND.

PAGE THIRTY EIGHT

PANEL ONE

The projectile impacts on the roof of the armored car with a bright blast that leaves arcing contrails of smoke. The armored car rear ends a cop car violently and the motorcycles careen out of control and throw their riders.

SFX: **BAM!**

SFX: ***SCREEEEEEEEEEEP!***

SFX: ***Kuh-KRASSSSH!***

PANEL TWO

Thugs in simple sack masks rush out into the street with guns in their fists. The armored car sits wrecked with the cop car. A hood pistol whips a downed motorcycle cop as he rushes by.

PANEL THREE

The thugs pull heavy canvas and leather bags of cash from the busted open rear door of the armored car. There's a few steel containers of cash as well.

PANEL FOUR

Calendar Man strides for the roof exit with May struggling behind carrying the metal case the EMP gun came in.

MAY: SO WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH **CALENDARS?**

CALENDAR MAN: NOT A DAMN **THING**, MAY.

CALENDAR MAN: THIS SCORE IS STRICTLY TO **FINANCE** THE CHAOS TO COME.

PAGE THIRTY NINE

PANEL ONE

Exterior of the Drake home. It's night. A light is on in an upper floor room.

FROM ROOM: I THOUGHT **EVERYTHING** WAS ON THE INTERNET.

PANEL TWO

Tim looks tired as he leans on one hand over a pile of books open on the desk in his room. His computer is on in the background.

TIM: BUT THIS LITTLE **EXTRA CREDIT** ASSIGNMENT HAS HAD ME AT THE CITY **LIBRARY** ALL DAY.

ELECTRONIC: ANYTHING OF **INTEREST**, YOUNG SIR?

TIM: THE DATES REFER TO **FIVE** DAYS.

PANEL THREE

Alfred is in the kitchen at Wayne Manor preparing a meal.

ALFRED: MOST ANCIENT CALENDARS WERE BASED ON A THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DAY YEAR.

ELECTRONIC: RIGHT. WITH FIVE DAYS LEFT OVER.

PANEL FOUR

Tim looks at a book with a graph and text in it.

TIM: THOSE FIVE DAYS CAME AT THE **END** OF THE YEAR. MOST PEOPLE PARTIED DOWN FOR THOSE FIVE DAYS.

TIM: BUT SOME, LIKE THE **MAYANS**, SAW THOSE DAYS AS A TIME OF UNCERTAINTY.

PANEL FIVE

Alfred inspects a tomato with a critical eye.

ALFRED: I HAVE A **SUSPICION** WE WILL HAVE NO CAUSE TO **CELEBRATE** THE FIVE DAYS IN QUESTION.

ELECTRONIC: YOU AND ME **BOTH**.

PAGE FORTY

PANEL ONE

Tim looks frustrated.

TIM: THE SECOND DATE IS FROM THE **JULIAN** CALENDAR.

TIM: THE THIRD IS **AZTEC**. THE FOURTH IS **ARABIC**. THE LAST **ISN'T** A DATE, IT'S THE NAME OF AN EGYPTIAN GOD.

PANEL TWO

Alfred stands leaning on the counter thinking over this problem.

ALFRED: AND THE FIRST?

ELECTRONIC: "MAI 105"

ELECTRONIC: I CAN'T **FIND** THAT ONE.

PANEL THREE

Tim tosses a pencil to the desktop where he's covered pages with mathematical figures.

TIM: "MAI" MEANS **MAY** IN A FEW LANGUAGES.

TIM: BUT **NO** CALENDAR HAS A MONTH WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE DAYS IN IT.

PANEL FOUR

Alfred has written down "MAI 105" on a pad mounted on the wall by a phone in the kitchen. He regards it.

ELECTRONIC: AND I CAN'T FIGURE THE OTHERS UNLESS I KNOW THE FIRST AND LAST ONE.

ALFRED: IT IS A **CONUNDRUM**.

TIM: IT'S **HOMEWORK** IS WHAT IT IS, ALFRED.

ALFRED: WITH **ONE** SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCE.

PANEL FIVE

Tim rubs his face in frustration at Alfred's words.

ELECTRONIC: FAIL IN YOUR HOMEWORK AND RECEIVE A POOR GRADE.

ELECTRONIC: FAIL HERE AND PEOPLE **DIE**.

TIM: THANKS FOR TURNING UP THE **PRESSURE**, ALFRED.

The **END** of CHAPTER FOUR

PAGE FORTY ONE

SPLASH

A dozen swimsuit models at a photo shoot in a studio. They're in bikinis. There's an oceanside backdrop and cameras set on tripods and few make-up people and photographers. They react in different ways to guns being pointed at them from the extreme foreground. Get a "Good Girl" artist for this. Rodolfo would be great.

TITLE: **ALL THE DEADLY DAYS**
CHAPTER FIVE
BLOODTHIRSTY
THURSDAY

MODEL 1: WOW. IS THIS PART OF THE **SHOOT**?

PHOTOGRAPHER: WHAT IS **THIS** ALL THIS ABOUT?

OFF PANEL: YOU'RE SHOOTING A **CALENDAR**, AM I RIGHT?

PAGE FORTY TWO

PANEL ONE

Calendar Man as May in tow along with the large white thug and the large black thug. All hold guns on the girls. The photographer steps forward to give Calendar man a hard time.

PHOTOGRAPHER: WE'RE SHOOTING THE 2001 WAYNE MOTORS CALENDAR IF IT'S ANY OF **YOUR** BUSINESS.

CALENDAR MAN: TWELVE LOVELY GIRLS.

CALENDAR MAN: WRAP THEM **UP**. I'LL TAKE THEM **ALL**.

PANEL TWO

May clocks the photographer hard with the butt of her pistol as Calendar Man walks up to one of the models.

PHOTOGRAPHER: YOU **CAN'T**---

MAY: **SHUT UP!**

PHOTOGRAPHER: unnh!

CALENDAR MAN: JUST LOVELY...

PANEL THREE

Calendar Man holds the hand of one of the models who smiles at him in a stupid/seductive way. Calendar Man smiles at her in a predatory fashion. The thugs round up the girls at gunpoint in the background. The hand has a distinctive ring on it. A honkin' big heart shaped faux ruby.

MODEL 1: WHAT DO YOU **WANT**?

CALENDAR MAN: WHY, YOUR **HAND**, MY DEAR.

MODEL 1: LIKE, IN **MARRIAGE**?

CALENDAR MAN: NOT **EXACTLY**.

PANEL FOUR

Shot of police HQ. Maybe show a few cops talking around a cop car parked before the building.

FROM AN UPPER FLOOR: OH **GROSS!**

PAGE FORTY THREE

PANEL ONE

Montoya sneers in derision at an IMPERIAL EXPRESS box open on her desk and styrofoam peanuts spilling from it. Whoever the guy who's her new partner looks over her shoulder at it, a cup of coffee in his hand.

MONTOYA: (SMALL) GOD...IT'S **DISGUSTING**.

CRISPIN(?): AREN'T YOU OVER REACTING, MONTOYA?

PANEL TWO

Bullock looks into the box to see that ostentatious heart shaped ruby ring lying in an open ring box. Montoya is turned to shout to someone off panel. The partner sips his coffee.

MONTOYA: IT'S SO **TACKY**.

CRISPIN: BET IT'S FROM ONE OF THOSE KIDNAPPED **MODELS**.

MONTOYA: **HENDRICKS!** TAKE THIS DOWN TO **FORENSICS** AND GET PRINTS!

PANEL THREE

Gordon sits with head in hands at his desk.

GORDON: NO **RANSOM** NOTE. NO **DEMANDS**.

GORDON: AND HE'S RUNNING **FREE** ALL OVER THE CITY AND NO ONE CAN **FIND** HIM!

PANEL FOUR

Batman stands in the shadows on the other side of the desk. Gordon is pulling the top from a bottle of antacids.

BATMAN: HE'S BUILDING TO SOMETHING BIG.

BATMAN: THE ABDUCTED WOMEN. THE ELECTRO-PULSE WEAPON. THE MESSAGES.

GORDON: BUT **WHAT?** AND **WHEN?**

PANEL FIVE

Batman appears grim in close-up.

BATMAN: I HAVE MY **BEST** MAN WORKING ON THAT RIGHT NOW.

PAGE FORTY THREE

PANEL ONE

Jack Drake stands at the foot of stairs in the Drake household and shouts up the stairs.

JACK: **TIM!**

JACK: **GET OFF THAT COMPUTER AND GET TO BED!**

PANEL TWO

Tim looks really harried as he hunches over a thick book running a finger down the text. He's in the circle of light from a desk lamp. His hair's a mess and his clothes are wrinkled.

TIM: **YEAH**, DAD!

TIM: JUST A **SECOND**.

PANEL THREE

Tim smiles in close-up.

TIM: YEAH...

PANEL FOUR

Exterior. We see the light from Tim's window and the drapes blowing from the open window in the foreground. We see Tim running flat out from the house toward a treeline. We can see the lights of Wayne Manor a few acres away in the background.

PANEL FIVE

Tim leans on the workstation in the Batcave with that book lying open. Alfred stands behind him.

TIM: BATMAN, I HAVE THE FIRST DATE!

TIM: MAI 105 IS NEAR THE END OF THE DRY SEASON ON THE CALENDAR KEPT BY THE NUER TRIBESMAN OF SUDAN.

ELECTRONIC: AND WHAT DATE IS **THAT**?

PAGE FORTY FIVE

PANEL ONE

Batman is crouched atop a roof. There's a clocktower behind him with the hands almost to Midnight.

ELECTRONIC: AUGUST 19TH.

BATMAN: TOMORROW. AND IT'S LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES
AWAY.

BATMAN: AND THE **OTHER** DATES?

PANEL TWO

Tim looks at notes he's scribbled on a paper.

TIM: *SEXTILUS ANTE IDES XI* IS THE TWENTIETH.

TIM: 12 *TUN* 17 IS THE TWENTY FIRST ON THE MAYAN
CALENDAR.

TIM: *SHA'BAN* 23 A.H. IS THE TWENTY SECOND AS DECREED BY
CALIPH UMAR.

TIM: AND THOTH IS THE **IBIS** GOD OF THE EGYPTIANS.

PANEL THREE

Batman looks grim on that rooftop.

ELECTRONIC: BUT HE'S **ALSO** THE SYMBOL OF THE LAST DAY OF
THE EGYPTIAN YEAR AS DETERMINED BY THE FLOW OF THE NILE.

BATMAN: THAT EXPLAINS THE **EMBLEM** WITNESSES SAW ON
DAY'S COSTUME.

BATMAN: GOOD WORK.

PANEL FOUR

Batman looks at that clock in the background.

BATMAN: IT'S THE FIVE DAYS OF DREAD OR JOY LEFT OFF OF
ANCIENT CALENDARS.

BATMAN: DAY IS GOING TO HAVE THE NEW YEAR'S
CELEBRATION HE MISSED.

PANEL FIVE

Calendar Man's gloved hand holds May's arm to look at an elegant
wristwatch there. The time is Midnight.

CAPTION: "AND IT'S **NOT** GOING TO BE A DAY OF JOY.

OFF PANEL: henh henh.

PAGE FORTY SIX

PANEL ONE

Calendar Man and May are atop the roof of a skyscraper in Midtown Gotham. He has that shoulder held weapon. There's a laptop computer open on an airconditioning housing here. May is bending to look at it.

CALENDAR MAN: THE MILLENNIUM BEGINS **NOW**.

MAY: FLIGHT 601 FROM PARIS IS **ON TIME** FOR GOODWIN INTERNATIONAL.

CALENDAR MAN: DON'T YOU JUST **LOVE** THE INFORMATION AGE?

PANEL TWO

Calendar man turns with the weapon to his shoulder and looks up into the sky at the lights of a commercial jet way up in the starry night.

CALENDAR MAN: THERE SHE SOARS.

CALENDAR MAN: THE CAPTAIN HAS TURNED ON THE "FASTEN SEAT BELTS" SIGN.

PANEL THREE

He fires the weapon upwards and May has her hands pressed to her ears.

CALENDAR MAN: FOR ALL THE BLOODY **GOOD** IT'LL DO THEM.

SFX: ***PLOK!***

PANEL FOUR

The projectile snakes skyward on a contrail of gas toward the lights of the plane.

PAGE FORTY SEVEN

PANEL ONE

The projectile explodes within a few yards of the plane in a bright blast with trailing arcs of smoke as shards fly everywhere.

PANEL TWO

The pilot and co-pilot grip the controls as their instruments go dark. Throw in a shower of sparks to liven things up. The cabin is dark. The men look terrified.

PANEL THREE

The passenger cabin as all hell breaks loose. Anything not nailed down goes flying including passengers who didn't heed the warning to sit down. The cabin is dark but for moonlight through the portals.

PANEL FOUR

The jet plummets in a canted bank down toward the lights of a densely packed residential neighborhood. We see the lights of traffic on a raised highway below. Trails of vapor come off the wingtips of the plane. All lights are out on it.

PAGE FORTY EIGHT

PANEL ONE

The plane impacts on the highway, breaking up on impact and spilling a flaming cloud of jet fuel in all directions covering the slewing traffic panic stopping to avoid impact.

PANEL TWO

The front section of the jet is a fireball as it sails through the guardrails toward the lights of rowhomes below.

PANEL THREE

A tremendous blast engulfs a full block of the residences sending a plume of flame and ash into the night sky.

PANEL FOUR

Calendar Man raises a triumphant fist. May stands behind him looking aghast with hands to her face. The shoulder held launcher smokes where he holds it on his shoulder.

CALENDAR MAN: FOR EVERYONE WHO THOUGHT JANUARY FIRST WAS A LETDOWN...

CALENDAR MAN: ...**HERE'S** YOUR **Y2K**, GOTHAM.

MAY: (SMALL) DEAR GOD...

PAGE FORTY NINE

PANEL ONE

From where Batman stands atop a roof he can see the flames and a dense cloud of smoke rising from twenty blocks away from his position.

PANEL TWO

A close-up of Batman. He looks infuriated. A hand is unconsciously fisted before him. If the gloves weren't concealing them we know the knuckles would be white.

PANEL THREE

Tim and Alfred look at one another with rising unease back at the cave.

ELECTRONIC: I HAVE TO **FIND** HIM.

ELECTRONIC: AND I CAN'T TAKE FIVE **DAYS** DOING IT.

PANEL FOUR

Batman has leapt from the roof toward the lights of the traffic below. A jumpline snakes out behind him.

BATMAN: I'LL **FIND** HIM.

BATMAN: IF I HAVE TO TURN GOTHAM **UPSIDE DOWN** TO DO IT.

PAGE FIFTY

PANEL ONE

Calendar Man laughs in close-up as a hand pours champagne into a glass.

CALENDAR MAN: TO AULD LANG SYNE.

CALENDAR MAN: **AH HA HA HA HA HA HA!**

PANEL TWO

Large panel.

Calendar Man stands in the center of a huge sundial in a decrepit museum setting. The museum is in Underground Gotham. This is the same museum from the opening of the story. There's cobwebs and quake damage and the place is lit with lights wired to a generator tho' it's not important to show that in detail here. He raises the champagne with May beside him. At each hour place around the sun dial lies one of the swimsuit models bound and gagged.

CALENDAR MAN: FOUR MORE **GLORIOUS** DAYS, MAY.

CALENDAR MAN: AND THE **LOVELIEST** LITTLE COLLECTION OF HOURS TO COUNT THEM DOWN.

CALENDAR MAN: NOW HOW **LONG** DO YOU THINK IT'LL TAKE BATMAN TO FIGURE OUT THE SIMPLEST OF CRIMINALOGY THEORIES---

CALENDAR MAN: --THAT THE CRIMINAL **ALWAYS** RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME?

THE END OF CHAPTER FIVE

PAGE FIFTY ONE

PANEL ONE

LARGE TITLE PANEL OR RUN TITLE IN GUTTER BETWEEN THIS
AND SECOND PANEL BELOW

A hood dressed in pajamas backs away from us across his own rec room. There's been a fight here. Some fully dressed hoods lie about unconscious amongst busted up furniture. There's a big screen TV behind him with an anchorwoman speaking on it.

ALL THE DEADLY DAYS

CHAPTER SIX

GOD FORBID, IT'S

FRIDAY!

ELECTRONIC: --AND **MUCH** OF THE CITY REMAINS IN DARKNESS
AS POWER OUTAGES CONTINUE.

PJ HOOD: WHAT DO YOU **WANT** FROM ME? I DON'T **KNOW**
NOTHIN' ABOUT THIS PSYCHO!

PANEL TWO

Batman looms toward the guy who continues backing off. The rec room behind Batman is a ruin. More hoods lie busted up and one is draped over a wrecked wet bar.

ELECTRONIC: AND PHONE SERVICE IS **STILL** DOWN OVER MOST
OF THE COUNTY.

BATMAN: I DIDN'T THINK YOU **DID**, MONK.

PJ HOOD: THEN WHAT'RE YOU **DOIN'** HERE?

BATMAN: YOU'RE GOING TO **HELP** ME, MONK.

PAGE FIFTY TWO

SIX PANEL GRID

PANEL ONE

Batman has the hood shoved against his own big screen TV.

ELECTRONIC: THE MAYOR CAUTIONS **EVERYONE** TO REMAIN CALM---

BATMAN: I WANT **CALENDAR MAN**. IF I DON'T **GET** HIM---

PANEL TWO

Cut to Batman giving the same speech to a gangbanger he holds facedown against the windshield of a car. The glass is starred and we're looking from inside the car at the ganger's face pressed to the glass.

GANGBANGER: nng!

BATMAN: ---I'M GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE LIFE **IMPOSSIBLE** FOR YOU.

PANEL THREE

Cut to Batman continuing his oratory to a biker with his head shoved under running water from a sink.

BIKER: gluk!

BATMAN: SO IT'S IN **YOUR** BEST INTEREST TO HELP ME FIND HIM.

PANEL FOUR

Batman keeps on rappin'. But now he has a boot on the chest of a fat hood and pulls the guy's tie tight strangling the guy. The guy's face is turning blue where he lies on a floor littered with food spilled during the (unseen) fight that preceded this.

BATMAN: SO **YOU'RE** GOING TO BE MY EYES AND MY EARS.

FAT HOOD: giiih....

PANEL FIVE

Batman holds a hood by the ankle out a busted-out window. The drop to the street is a scary one.

BATMAN: YOU **SEE** JULIAN DAY. YOU **HEAR** SOMETHING ABOUT HIM.

DANGLING HOOD: whoap!

PANEL SIX

Batman has his face close to the ear of a tattooed punk as Batman twists the punk's arm painfully up between his shoulder blades.

BATMAN: THE INFORMATION IS **MINE**.

PUNK: unnh!

PAGE FIFTY THREE

PANEL ONE

The hood who was in the pajamas speaks in close-up. He's in a polo shirt and sport jacket.

PJ HOOD: I DON'T WANNA HELP THE BAT ANY MORE THAN **YOU** DO.

PJ HOOD: BUT AS A **PRACTICAL** MATTER WE GOT NO CHOICE.

PANEL TWO

He sits in the booth at a diner speaking with three other like hoods. Wiseguys. Some younger hoods in sunglasses stand by and sit at the counter looking tough and vigilant wearing light jackets to cover concealed weapons. One of them has his back to us where he sits at the counter. We'll reveal his identity further down the page.

PJ HOOD: I MEAN, WADDA WE **OWE** THIS CALENDAR GUY? HE'S NOT **WUNNA** US.

PJ HOOD: HE'S A STONE **WACKO**. HE'S MAKIN' THINGS **HARD** ON US.

PANEL THREE

One of the hoods in the booth speaks up. PJ Hood stabs a finger at him.

OTHER HOOD: I **DUNNO**, MONK. THE **BAT**...

PJ HOOD: **FUGGET** HIM! THIS CREEP SHUT DOWN THE **POWER**. HE'S SCREWED UP THE **PHONES**.

PJ HOOD: I SAY WE FIND CALENDAR MAN FOR **US**.

PANEL FOUR

PJ Hood turns in the booth to speak to someone off panel.

PJ HOOD: IT'S A **PRACTICAL** MATTER.

PJ HOOD: WHATTA **YOU** THINK, MATCHES?

PANEL FIVE

Batman's mob alter ego Matches Malone sits hunched over a cup of coffee at the counter with the capos in the booth behind him.

MATCHES: I SAY WE **FLUSH** THE PSYCHO.

PJ HOOD: WHAT **HE** SAID.

PAGE FIFTY FOUR

PANEL ONE

Calendar Man stands on a platform that runs around the base of a water tank atop a tower. May is by him and he has the smoking rocket launcher in his fists. May is staring to get into the chaos and leans on the railing of the platform looking down with a giddy look on her face.

MAY: MAN, YOU KNOW HOW TO **PARTY**, JULIAN.

CALENDAR MAN: LIKE IT'S **1999**, MAY.

CALENDAR MAN: BURNLEY DRIVE AND THE CROSS-BOROUGH OFF RAMP AT THE FOOT OF GRAND.

PANEL TWO

We look past them on the platform high up on the water tower to see a complex highway intersection below. The kind of highway and business route conversion you see near a big city airport. A couple of trucks are overturned and burning and a tangle of crashed cars is around them. Cars are run off the road. The traffic lights around the intersection are all dark.

CALENDAR MAN: TAKE AWAY THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS AND **VOILA!**

CALENDAR MAN: A VEHICULAR **RODEO**. A DEMOLITION **DERBY**.

MAY: IT'S **JUST** LIKE "WORLD'S WILDEST CAR CRASHES"!

PANEL THREE

People help pull victims from the smoking tangle of wrecked cars in the foreground. We see the water tower in the background with two tiny figures on it. It's an industrial water tower with GOTHCHEM printed on it with large block letters.

CALENDAR MAN: TOO BAD THE **EMP** KNOCKS OUT ALL ELECTRONICS, MAY.

CALENDAR MAN: (LINKED) THIS **SHOULD** HAVE BEEN IMMORTALIZED ON VIDEO.

PAGE FIFTY FIVE

PANEL ONE

Lucius Fox looks out the window of his impressive office and sees smoke rising from lots of places over the dark city.

CAPTION: "IT'S THE CRIME OF THE **NEW** CENTURY.

LUCIUS: PLAGUE. EARTHQUAKE. THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

LUCIUS: WE SURVIVED **ALL** THOSE HORRORS TO COME TO **THIS** TECHNO-APOCALYPSE.

PANEL TWO

Karen Abrams (Lucius' super capable secretary) stands behind him at his desk. She first appeared in DETECTIVE ANNUAL # 10 (the Pulp Heroes one with the Glenn Orbik cover). She's an attractive brunette with short hair.

LUCIUS: **Y2K** WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS. I THOUGHT WE WERE IN THE **CLEAR**, KAREN.

KAREN: GOTHAM IS TWO STEPS **BEHIND** THE CURVE AS USUAL, MR FOX.

LUCIUS: WHAT'S THE DAMAGE?

(I can change this dialogue if Y2K turns out to be anything more than the media generated NON-event I believe it will be.)

PANEL THREE

Karen reads from a report in her hands.

KAREN: THREE HUNDRED MILLION IN COMPANY ASSETS HAVE SIMPLY **DISAPPEARED**.

KAREN: WE'RE LOSING **FOUR** MILLION A DAY IN BUSINESS WHILE THE GOTHAM BLACKOUT CONTINUES.

KAREN: THERE'S PROBABLY **MORE** BUT WE'RE HAVING TO WRITE OUT THE DATA IN LONGHAND.

PANEL FOUR

Lucius looks ruefully at the cell phone on his desk.

LUCIUS: I GUESS I SHOULD CALL BRUCE AND GIVE HIM THE BAD NEWS.

KAREN: **WHY**, MR FOX? HE HAS **OTHER** THINGS ON HIS MIND...

PAGE FIFTY SIX

PANEL ONE

A thug in a union windbreaker comes flying through a plate glass window. It's MY ALIBI the taproom from earlier in the story. The words MY ALIBI that were painted on the glass are on the shards flying at us. The union thug's windbreaker has UNITED GEAR LOCAL 104 on the back.

CAPTION: "...LIKE HIS **GOLF** SCORE."

SFX: **KRAAAAAASH!**

PANEL TWO

Batman has the bartender pulled partway across the bar by the shirtfront. Batman holds a shortened ballbat that he took off the bartender between panels. Thugs lie draped over the bar or lying on the floor. The place is busted up. It's also darkly lit by battery powered lamps.

BATMAN: CAN WE **TALK** NOW?

BARTENDER: MAN, LOOGIT WHAT YOU **DID** TO MY PLACE.

BATMAN: I **CAN** COME BACK WITH A BULLDOZER.

BARTENDER: **OKAY!** I **GET** IT!

PANEL THREE

Batman snarls at the bartender as he tosses aside the ballbat.

BATMAN: JULIAN DAY. CALLS HIMSELF **CALENDAR MAN**. WEARS A COSTUME WITH---

BARTENDER: WITH SOME KINDA SCREWY **BIRD** ON IT.

BARTENDER: HE WAS **IN** HERE.

PANEL FOUR

The bartender speaks and Batman releases his shirtfront.

BATMAN: WHEN AND WHY?

BARTENDER: LIKE THREE MONTHS AGO.

BARTENDER: HE WAS **RECRUITING**.

PANEL FIVE

Batman in close-up frowning grimly.

BATMAN: GIVE ME **NAMES**.

PAGE FIFTY SEVEN

PANEL ONE

A BOOKIE JOINT. There's a big board in the background with a grid on it and a guy writing teams and odds on it with a marker. Other guys sit at phones at a table in the windowless room. An ashtray overflows with smoldering butts on the table.

BOOKIE 1: YEAH. A GRAND ON METROPOLIS IN THE EXHIBITION GAME ON SUNDAY.

ELECTRONIC: AND SEVEN.

BOOKIE: YEAH, AND SEVEN **POINTS**, BEAR.

PANEL TWO

Closer in on the bookie.

BOOKIE: AIN' **HEARD** FROM YOU, BEAR. WHAT'S BEEN **DOIN'** WITH YOU?

ELECTRONIC: BEEN **BUSY**.

BOOKIE: NOTHIN' ON THE **GIANTS** FOR SATURDAY NIGHT?

PANEL THREE

We see the large white guy Calendar Man recruited on a cell phone in the foreground. BEAR: LONG ODDS ON THE LIGHTS BEING BACK ON IN GOTHAM, SMITTY.

ELECTRONIC: YOU GOT THE **SKINNY** ON THAT?

BEAR: LET'S JUST SAY I'M **INSIDE**.

PANEL FOUR

Calendar Man (sans mask) looks around a corner in the decrepit museum to shout at Bear who flinches.

CALENDAR MAN: I **TOLD** YOU! NO **PHONE** CALLS!

BEAR: SORRY, MR DAY.

BEAR: GOTTA **RUN**, SMITTY.

PANEL FIVE

Smitty looks at a caller ID bar on his phone. CELLULAR CALL GOTHAM METRO REGION is what it reads. He looks at it with growing realization and narrowed eyes.

PANEL SIX

Smitty starts punching the keys on the phone.

SFX: deet dit deet deet dit

PAGE FIFTY EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Calendar Man holds a gun at the much larger Bear who glares at him balefully.

CM looks totally crazed. May and the larger black hood stand behind Calendar Man.

CALENDAR MAN: WHO WAS ON THE **PHONE**, BEAR?

BEAR: HEY---I PLACED A **BET**, OKAY? I GOTTA HUNCH ON METROPOLIS FOR SUNDAY.

CALENDAR MAN: WELL, I'VE GOT A HUNCH FOR **GOTHAM**, OKAY?

PANEL TWO

Calendar Man in close-up looking psychotic.

CALENDAR MAN: IT'S THE EVE OF **THOTH**. THE **END** OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CALENDAR.

CALENDAR MAN: I'VE GOT A "HUNCH" IT'S GOING TO BE A **BIG** DAY!

PANEL THREE

Batman pries aside a manhole cover crouching on a dark street.

CAPTION: "AND **NOBODY'S** GOING TO SCREW IT UP!"

PANEL FOUR

Batman is making his way down a subterranean shaft. His eyes glow green with his starlite lenses.

CAPTION: "THIS CITY WILL PAY AND PAY **DEARLY** FOR WHAT IT'S DONE TO ME.

PANEL FIVE

Batman makes his way along the subterranean streets of underground Gotham.

CAPTION: "WHEN THOTH DAWNS...

CATION: GOTHAM **DIES**."

PAGE FIFTY NINE

PANEL ONE

LARGE PANEL

Batman makes his way across a broad open area of what was once an open urban square interrupted by thick concrete columns. It's eerie with rusting cars and bent street lamps. On the other side of the square sits the GOTHAM SCIENCE INSTITUTE, a 30's modern structure with a columned façade and some kind of busted globe structure out front. We can see the underside of the "floor" of the city above.

FROM INSTITUTE 1: MIDNIGHT ARRIVES.

FROM INSTITUTE: (LINKED TO 1) WE MUST **MARK** THE HOUR.

PANEL TWO

Calendar Man, in full wig-out psycho phase and mask back on, holds a large curved ceremonial sword. He holds it meaningfully. He's at the center of the sundial where the models are tied down one at each hour marker. May and the two thugs are in the background. The white thug is dressed in a football uniform now. The black guy in a baseball uniform.

CALENDAR MAN: AND HOW WOULD WE BEST **DO** THAT?

CALENDAR MAN: WITH A **SACRIFICE** PERHAPS?

PANEL THREE

He raises the sword above his head though to behead one of the models who looks up at him in horror.

CALENDAR MAN: NO REGRETS, LADIES.

CALENDAR MAN: THE **REST** OF THE CITY FOLLOWS YOU TO THE GRAVE IN A FEW SHORT---

PANEL FOUR

Calendar Man looks back over his shoulder in annoyance at a voice from off panel. The sword is still raised.

CALENDAR MAN: ---HOURS.

OFF PANEL: (ABOVE) DROP THE **SWORD**, DAY.

CALENDAR MAN: eh?

PAGE SIXTY

SPLASH

Calendar man is turned to see a whole bunch of armed gangsters. Some are from the diner. The PJ Hood is here. They are armed with handguns and shotguns. They are on a level above the sundial.

PJ HOOD: YOU MADE US **ENOUGH** TROUBLE FREAK.

PJ HOOD: FOR YOU THE CALENDAR ENDS **HERE**.

THE END OF CHAPTER SIX.

PAGE SIXTY ONE

PANEL ONE

PAGE

PANEL ONE